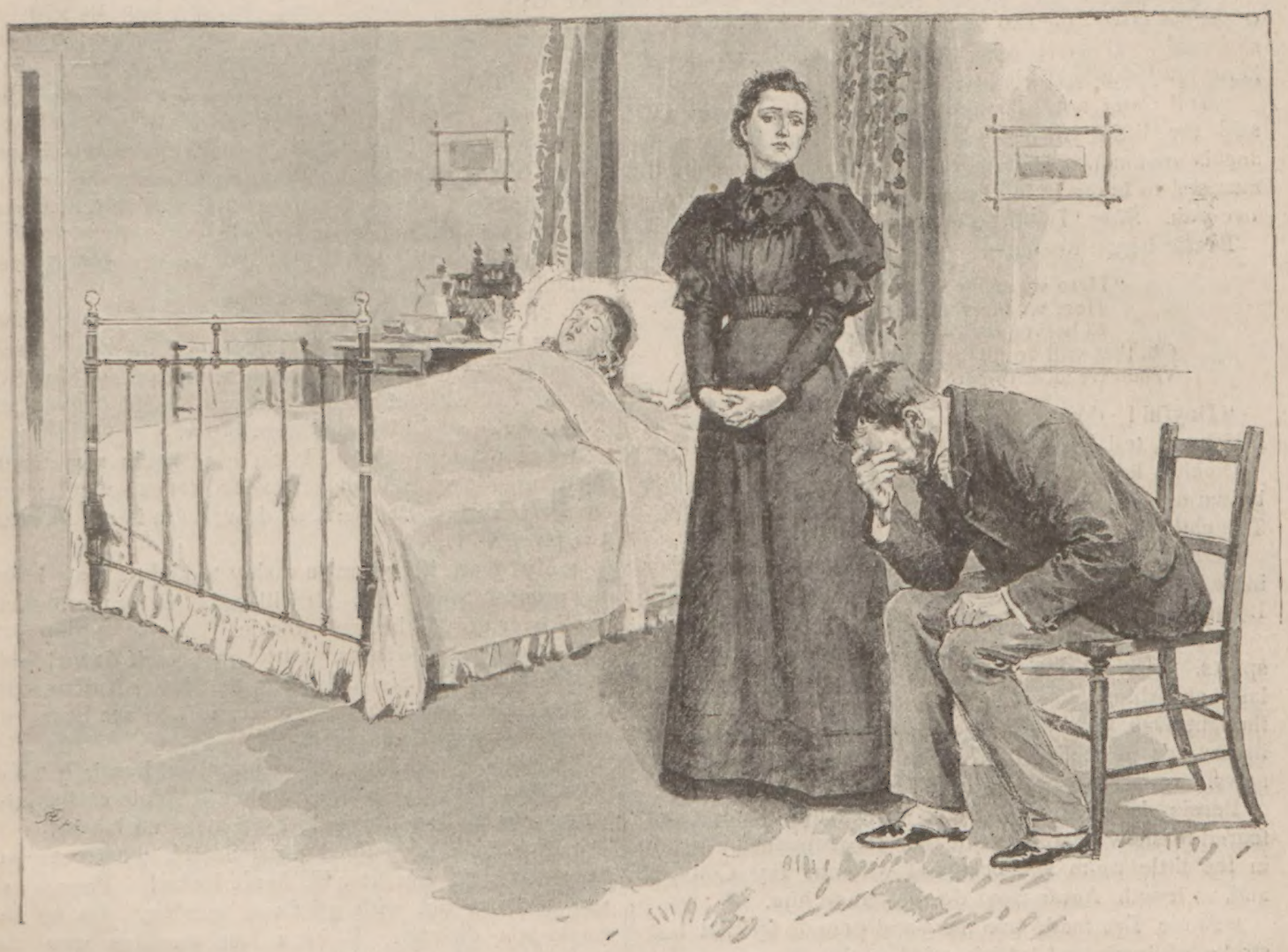
"For Richer, for Poorer."

BY EDITH C. KENYON, AUTHOR OF "THE MOTHERS OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN," ETC.



"All that was best in him awoke, and he wept like a child." *p.* 162.

CHAPTER IX.

LITTLE DICKIE'S DEATH.

"BESSIE, he will die! My boy will die!" sobbed Annie, throwing herself into her sister's arms.

Bessie burst into tears. "I only wish I had known before," she said. "Jack found out quite accidentally that the doctor was coming here, and I came on at once."

"It was very good of you, Bessie, when—when Dick—" Annie was beginning, but Bessie interrupted her.

"Never mind Dick," she said; "he shan't drive me away from you when you are in trouble; he shan't! Why, how worn-out you look! When did you go to bed last?"

Annie could not remember. At first Dick, full of remorse for not having valued Dickie more when he was well, had helped her to nurse him by night and day. Then, unfortunately, Gerald had sent him word that a speculation of theirs—so Annie was told—was turning out extremely well, and since then Dick had seemed absorbed in some business they were carrying on together, and had been very little at home.

Bessie was shocked, on entering the sick-room, to see how the little boy was wasted by the fever; one tiny arm upon the coverlet looked almost like his baby sister's, except for its greater length. He was half delirious, talking in sad, rambling tones of a puffer his father had forgotten to bring him, and although the one Dick had afterwards brought him was shown to him by his mother, he did not appear to notice it.

"I am glad you are here, Miss Clayton," said the doctor, when he came in soon after Bessie's arrival. "Now Mrs. Briscoe must go to bed. She will be more needed by-and-by," he added, significantly.

Annie went quietly enough, for in truth she could scarcely stand, so exhausted was she; and she could trust Bessie to do all that was required.

In about three hours, however, she returned to the sick-room. It was then evening, and Bessie sat by the child's bedside, wiping away a tear now and then, and moistening the patient's lips at intervals.

"How is he now?" asked Annie, anxiously.

"About the same," replied Bessie, "but quieter. I think he is sinking."

"Dada," said the little boy, opening his eyes wide, and speaking in faint but rational tones, "Dada! Dickie wants Dada."

"Do you know whether Dick has come in?" asked Annie.

"I think not. I have not heard him enter," replied Bessie.

Annie knew that from the position of the room she could not have failed to hear him if he had come in, so she said, "Dada is out, my darling. But mamma is here," and she held his little hand.

"Tell Dada not to make you kye, never no more," said the little voice. "Dickie's doin' to the bewfer angels, mamma. That will make you happy, won't it, mamma, to know little Dickie's dere? Auntie Bessie, I 'ove you. Sing 'Dat'll be doyful,' p'ease."

Bessie began to sing—

"Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
Oh, that will be joyful! joyful! joyful! joyful!
When we meet to part no more."

"Doyful! doyful!" sang the feeble little voice. "Mamma, tell Dada doyful!"

Dickie's head fell back, a sigh escaped his lips, the brown eyes were half closed, the pretty mouth half open. The child was dead.

"Oh, my Dickie! my Dickie!" cried the poor mother in heart-broken accents, as she mingled her tears with Bessie's.

A couple of hours later Dick came home in high spirits. He had won a large amount of money by the last absorbing speculation, and so preoccupied in thought was he that he quite forgot about his child's illness, as he called for Annie to tell her the good news.

Bessie heard him shouting in excited tones, and feared to show herself. She therefore remained silently in the little room she occupied when at Ivy Cottage, and, at length, Annie went downstairs to him.

"Annie, I've made two thousand pounds by that last stroke of business!" Dick cried exultingly as soon as his wife joined him.

Annie stood still, looking at him with a sinking heart. Money! money! always money! And there was such trouble in the house.

"Dickie is dead," she said, weeping.

Dick was filled with consternation. Whilst he had been drinking at his club with Gerald and a few of their companions, and talking about their cleverness in "netting" all this money, his only son was dying!

"Why wasn't I sent for?" he asked, hoarsely.

"We sent to Gerald's, but you weren't there. Dickie asked for you."

"Did he? Did he ask for me?" The man groaned.

"Yes." Annie gave him the child's message, and repeated his last words in a broken voice. Dick was shocked to think that even their little child had found it necessary to beg him not to make "Mamma kye."

"God forgive me!" he groaned; "I've been a brute!"

"No, dear, no. It is only that wretched gambling which has changed you so," said poor Annie. "Come and look at Dickie."

She led the way to the chamber of death, and Dick followed, mournfully.

As he stood and looked at the waxen form which was all that remained of their once laughing, frolicsome little boy, all that was best in him awoke, and he wept like a child.

After a little while his wife began in trembling tones, but with great earnestness, to beg him to give up gambling and try to get some honest work once more. "I would rather be quite poor and live in a little cottage, if only I could have you as you used to be," she said, pleadingly.

"God knows I would give up all the money I have won if I could have little Dickie back again," he replied, picking up the tin engine from the floor, where it was lying on its side, and crying over it.

"You have still me and baby," whispered Annie; "think of us. For *our sakes* do—"

"I'll think about it," he said quickly. "It's no use talking any more about it just now. I'll do what seems to me to be right. I can't promise more than that. We cannot live without money, and who would employ me here now?" and his tones were bitter.

"Let us go away and begin over again somewhere else," urged Annie, in eager, excited tones—"in London or New York. Decide now, dear, there is no time like the present."

"My dear, if I promise rashly to-night I may break my promise to-morrow. It will be better for me to think it all over quietly before I decide."

Annie burst into tears, and threw herself down beside her dead child. She knew well that if her husband did not promise her then and there, it was not likely he would do so on the morrow.

Dick stood irresolute. And, just then, Bessie entered. From her little room she had heard Annie crying and entreating, and so she could keep away no longer.

"Dick," she exclaimed passionately, "how can you be so cruel? See how ill Annie looks! Poor dear! she is worn out with grief and nursing. Do as she wants you directly. Dickie's last message was that Dada was not to make Mamma kye."

"What business have you here—" began Dick, blustering a little to hide his emotion.

"Oh, Dick, she could not stay away when I was in such trouble," cried Annie. "I don't know what I should have done without her. Dickie loved her so, and her singing soothed his last moments."

"Dick," cried Bessie, turning on him in great anger, "you have neglected your home shamefully. Poor Annie was nearly dead with fatigue when I arrived. You neither helped her with the nursing these last days nor got a nurse to do it. When your dying child wanted you, no one knew where you were. They could only suppose you were drinking and gambling—yes, drinking and gambling *then* of all times! Now, don't trouble yourself about me; I wouldn't stay in *your* house one minute if it were not necessary for Annie's sake; I'm off home now," and she swept out of the room.

The unhappy man did not attempt to answer her. The words she spoke were true enough. Yet the softened mood in which he had listened to Annie's pleadings was gone. He began to justify himself. It was for his family's sake that he had tried so hard to get money. He had succeeded, too. Was he to be blamed if meantime he had been missed at home? It was not Bessie's duty to lecture him. A maliciously

disposed girl like that, who injured her relations by telling tales of them behind their back, was a fine judge to be set up over their actions! He should go on as he saw best. He loved Annie and their little girl too well to risk their future prospects by giving way to maudlin sentimentality. And as for Dickie—he broke down and wept over the little engine which the child would never play with any more.

He did not say so, but he wished he had been a better father to his little Dickie.

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CHAPTER X.

FOR RICHER.

"IT seems very wonderful, Annie, doesn't it?" cried Jack, now a fine broad-shouldered young man of twenty-two years of age, leaning against the mantelshelf at Ivy Cottage, and looking down on his sister, who was making a child's frock.

"It does indeed. What a good fellow Robin is! He has worked so hard and perseveringly. He deserves this good fortune."

"Yes, that he does. Step by step he has risen by dint of sheer goodness and industry until, from being errand boy, he is becoming a partner in Mr. Dent's large business. And I'm following in his footsteps as fast as I can. I am going to be first assistant now. By-and-by old Mr. Dent will probably retire altogether, and then Robin will make me his partner, and we shall have the entire business."

"Oh, Jack, how glad I am! How thankful poor mother would have been!"

It was five years since Dickie's death, and three since Mrs. Clayton had also died. During those years Robin, always a steady, quiet youth, had worked hard in a large bookseller's shop in the town, with the result that he was now being made a partner; whilst Jack, who had also worked well, was to be chief assistant. The youths had been able to keep up their home with the assistance of Bessie, who was an excellent housekeeper. Annie's little daughter Mary was now nearly six years old, and two little boys, named Robin and Jack after their uncles, were aged respectively four and two. They were bonnie little fellows, very like Dickie in feature, though they had flaxen hair and blue eyes instead of brown ones. Annie looked much older and more care-worn, but the expression of her face was even sweeter than of old. Her life-troubles had not embittered her, rather they had purified her patient spirit, as gold is tried in the fire.

Now, whilst Jack was talking to Annie and telling her of the successes of himself and brother, the door opened, and Dick came in, looking excited and well pleased.

"At last, Annie," he said, triumphantly, after nodding to Jack—"at last I have got the—the sum, you know, dear, I promised you I would have before we made any change in our style of living. Yes, dear, the time has come for us to live as becomes our position. Yes," he repeated, "*now* you will find that you have married me *for richer*."

"Have you really got that large sum?" asked Annie, thinking of the £20,000 he had promised her he would get before removing into a larger house.

"Yes, yes, dear, I said so," cried her husband, throwing himself down into his armchair, and looking round the comfortable little room with great disdain. "We shall now leave this dismal hole. I have taken a large house in Russell Square. There are delightful gardens and tennis grounds and conservatories belonging to it. It is the next house to Sir Frank Harpton's. Imagine our children being brought up next door to his! We shall have to keep three or four servants at least. And we shall have a brougham, of course, and all that sort of thing. Thank goodness, I shall be able to go on making money as I am now doing," and he struck his pocket with his hand, and laughed the self-satisfied laugh of a rich man.

Annie rose and kissed him. She could not say she was glad, for had not the money been wrested from men who were rendered miserable by its loss? And she feared he would think her unsympathising. Fortunately for her, however, he was thinking so much about himself and his money and the state in which his family would henceforth live, that he did not particularly notice her. For some time he held forth on the subject of their future prosperity, drawing a brilliant picture of the prospects of their children. Then, suddenly he seemed to wake up to the fact that Jack was in the room, and moreover regarding him somewhat critically.

"Well, Jack," he said, "and how are you getting on?"

"I have just been telling Annie," replied Jack, "that old Mr. Dent is making Robin a partner at last, and I am to be their chief assistant."

"What a pity!" cried Dick, "that you two smart, clever lads went in for trade! When all is said and done, you will be only booksellers! Shopkeepers!" he added, contemptuously.

The youth coloured as he looked at him. "I would rather be an honest shopkeeper a thousand times over than a——"

Annie stopped him with a gesture of distress. A quarrel between her husband and her favourite brother would indeed have broken her heart.

"Well?" sneered Dick, questioningly.

"Time will show which of ours is the best business," cried Jack, controlling himself with a great effort for Annie's sake.

"Ah, well, I suppose you mean I live by my wits, whilst you are content to slave in a shop and call a common shopkeeper your master. Well, *chacun à son goût*, as the French have it—I may tell you it means, each one to his taste."

"Thank you," said Jack, "I know a little French, though I am only a shopkeeper's assistant. But I suppose we shan't see much of you when you get into your fine house in Russell Square."

Dick did not answer. It would certainly be vexatious, he thought, to have these young booksellers much about the place. What would Sir Frank Harpton think if he should happen to call on his neighbours? Or other people in the same class of life?

Annie uttered an exclamation of dismay. "Jack," she cried, "how can you talk in that way? My house will always be open to my dear brothers," and her eyes filled with tears at the mere thought of its being otherwise.

"Of course," murmured Dick, but he did not say it heartily.

Jack did not stay much longer after that. He went away, pitying Annie with all his heart, although she was going to be mistress of one of the best houses in the town.

In a very short time, indeed, the removal was effected. Dick bought handsome new furniture, and had everything arranged in the best style. Annie helped him in this with her simple, refined taste, and, to please him, she was obliged to order richer and more expensive house linen and upholstery than she had any desire for. When all was in order and three women servants, besides the faithful Jane—who was too much attached to her mistress to think of leaving her—and a coachman and gardener were engaged, Dick expressed himself as being much pleased. He then betook himself more assiduously than ever to his old pursuits.

Annie was not happy in the new house. Her own family held aloof, whilst her new acquaintances, many of whom called upon her very soon, made her feel that, although they did so, they regarded her and her husband as people who had risen, and, therefore, not on an equality with them. The new servants, too, were difficult to manage. It seemed to Annie, with her thrifty ways, that they were both extravagant and idle. If it had not been for Jane, she would have been in some difficulty. But her chief anxiety was about Dick; she had reason to believe that he was gambling now more recklessly than ever.

One day Gerald called when she was alone. He wanted to see Dick, who was out, and said casually that he had not seen much of him lately.

"Why," exclaimed Annie, "I thought he was generally with you."

"You are mistaken. For some time now he has taken up with some other fellows—men who go to much greater lengths than I do. I won't disguise it from you, Mrs. Briscoe—Dick will get into trouble if he does not mind. He is in a very dangerous position."

This *from Gerald* was extremely alarming.

(*To be concluded.*)

WHAT A BABY DID.

WHAT can touch a mother's heart like the innocence of childhood? Rarely is a woman's soul too stained with evil, or her life too narrowed and embittered, to withstand the message of love which comes to her in the tender purity of babyhood! A traveller who has just returned from visiting some of the most horrible prisons in Russia, gives a striking illustration of this fact.

A colonel was appointed to take charge of one of the largest and most noxious of the prisons. It was situated in the centre of an important province, and was filled with turbulent men and abandoned women. Harsh discipline, poor food, insufficient ventilation, uncleanliness, and hopelessness all conspired to brutalise the inmates.

Especially was this true of the women. The longer they were imprisoned the more depraved and unmanageable they became, until it needed a disciplinarian of the severest type to keep them under control. The colonel could manage the men, but the women defied him, and he began to think that he must resort to flogging to subdue them.

One morning the colonel's young wife took a walk in the prison yard. She was a gentle enthusiast, who had made up her mind when her husband first entered upon his official duties to reform, if possible, the women prisoners by kindness. But this purpose she failed to accomplish, for kindness seemed to have no more influence over them than solitary confinement. As she walked in the yard on this morning she became apprehensive and nervous lest some harm might be done her baby, whom the nurse carried beside her, and for the time had taken into the enclosure all unwittingly.

As soon as the women prisoners caught sight of the child they ran to it, gesticulating wildly. At once the mother gave a shriek and stood at bay before them, prepared to defend her babe from violence. Then the guard came running up. But instead of the abusive language which had heretofore greeted the young wife, the poor women broke into raptures over the babe.

"Oh, the darling! Let me hold him!" they cried, and one after another stretched out her marred arms in entreaty towards the obdurate nurse.

"Isn't he a dear!" exclaimed the vilest of the prisoners. At that word several of them peered into the pure face of the child, and then broke down, tears streaming down their cheeks.

Begging to hold the baby, the laughing, crying, gesticulating women crowded around the little one. The eternal motherhood lighted up their embruted faces, and the sight of infant innocence softened every stony heart.

Then the colonel's wife had a happy thought. She said, "The best-conducted woman of you all at the end of the week shall be allowed to tend the baby for half-an-hour."

The women, whom neither kindness nor punishment had been able to restrain, suddenly became docile to every word and order. At the end of the week it was almost impossible to decide which one had earned the coveted reward. From this time the baby made weekly visits to the prison yard, and the gentle, humanising effect upon the women seemed almost miraculous.

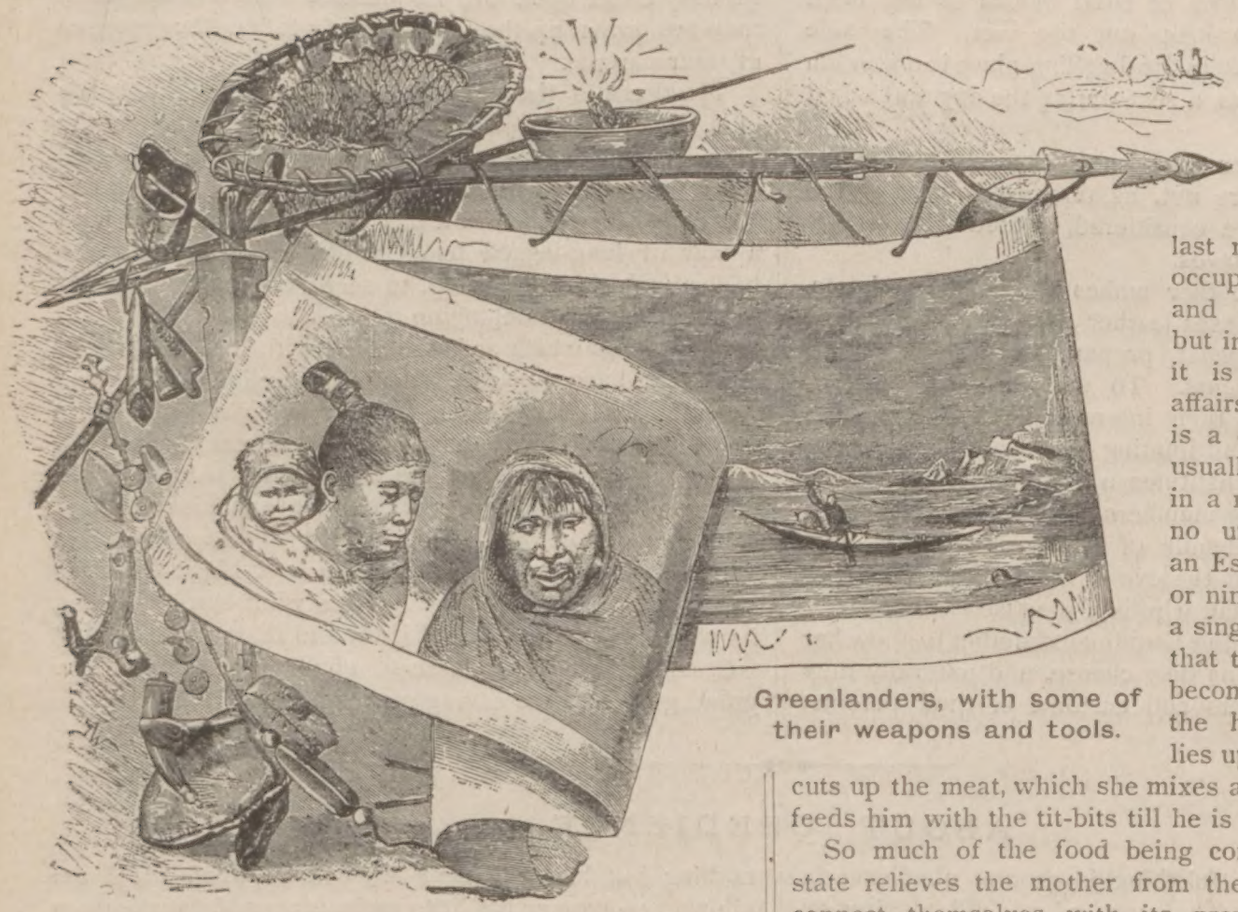
Innocence is irresistible.

Woman's Career.—Sir Walter Besant relates that an American lady interviewer asked him what he thought the noblest career for a woman. His reply was that, after all allowance for the honours of public life, he thought it was marriage. The popular author believes that "if the question were put to any woman who has lived the matron's life and has sons and daughters grown up, whether, looking back, she would still choose to be the mother of these sons and daughters, or would adopt one of the many occupations open to women, she would, without the least hesitation, declare that she would prefer the matron's life as the noblest and highest lot open to women."

MOTHERS OF OTHER LANDS.

VI.—THE MOTHERS OF GREENLAND.

BY B. McCALL-BARBOUR, AUTHOR OF "A FAMOUS MOTHER'S HYMN," ETC.



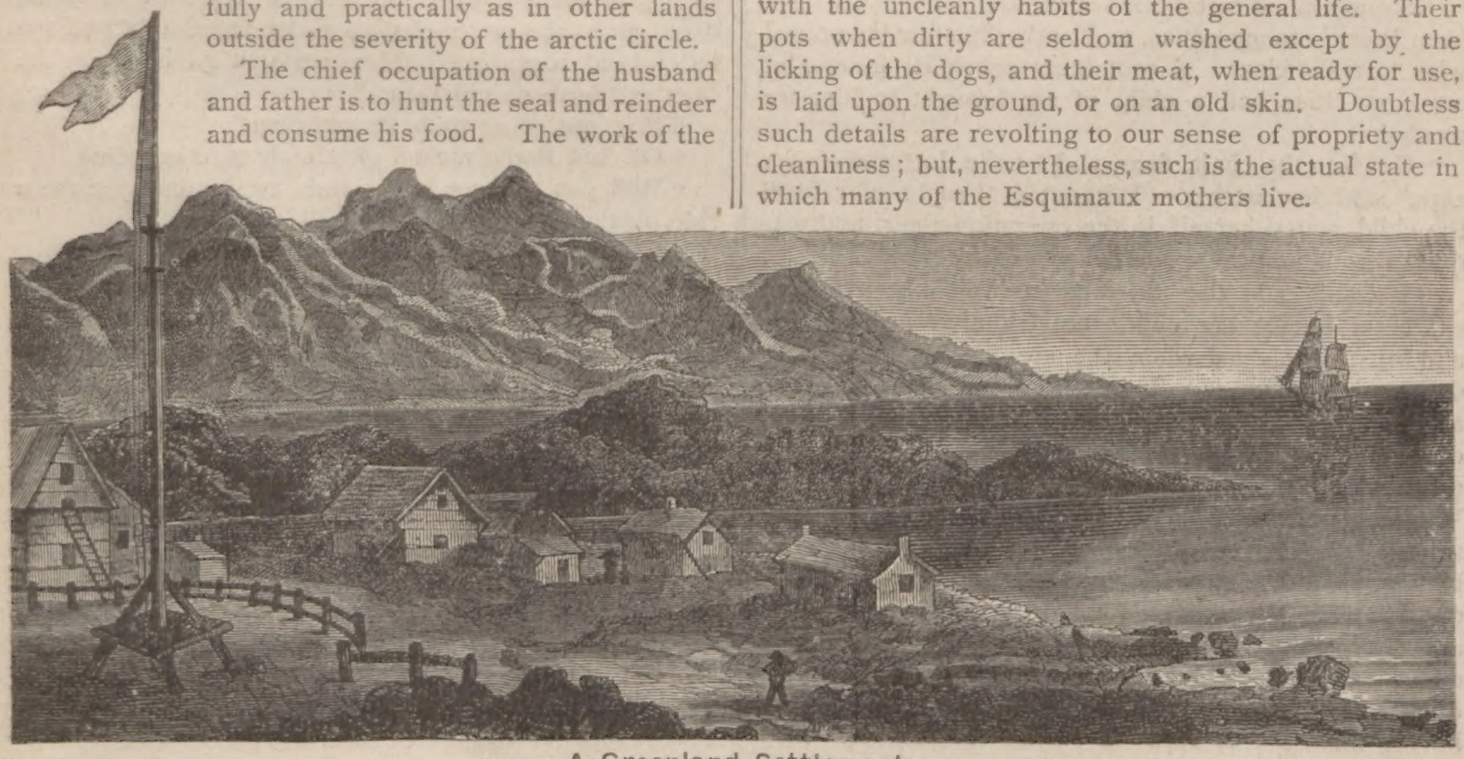
Greenlanders, with some of their weapons and tools.

"GREENLAND"! At its mention we naturally think more of ice and snow, of seals and bears, than men and women, and certainly "mothers" but little present themselves to our minds.

The mothers of Greenland, nevertheless, exist, and fill their sphere of duty amid the ice and snow as faithfully and practically as in other lands outside the severity of the arctic circle.

The chief occupation of the husband and father is to hunt the seal and reindeer and consume his food. The work of the mother chiefly consists in looking after the little ones, meeting the general wants of the household, and sometimes feeding her husband. This last may seem a strange occupation for the wife and mother to perform, but in not a few instances it is the true state of affairs. The Esquimaux is a capacious eater, and usually consumes his food in a raw condition. It is no uncommon thing for an Esquimaux to eat eight or nine pounds of food at a single meal. It is here that the help of the wife becomes necessary. While the husband and father lies upon his back his wife cuts up the meat, which she mixes amongst blubber, and feeds him with the tit-bits till he is unable to stir.

So much of the food being consumed in this raw state relieves the mother from the many cares which connect themselves with its preparation as we are accustomed to have it. Another item in the household of which the mother is considerably relieved is the "washing of the dishes." They have few dishes in Greenland. Their meat, when it is cooked, is made ready in a stone vessel over a lamp, or in a copper cauldron in the open air, and is partaken of in accordance with the uncleanly habits of the general life. Their pots when dirty are seldom washed except by the licking of the dogs, and their meat, when ready for use, is laid upon the ground, or on an old skin. Doubtless such details are revolting to our sense of propriety and cleanliness; but, nevertheless, such is the actual state in which many of the Esquimaux mothers live.



A Greenland Settlement.

In the matter of housework, again, the mother is released from all such cares as affect the mothers of our warmer climes. The house itself is constructed of earth and turf, and sometimes of solid blocks of ice, lined inside with skins to keep out the wet. The sole furniture of importance in the dwelling-place is a wooden bench, which serves as a seat during the day and a bed at night.

Although the women perform all the drudgery of the domestic life, they are not, as amongst several of the other peoples we have considered, treated with cruelty and looked upon as slaves.

The Esquimaux mother makes the clothes, boots, canoes, and tents, dresses leather and gut, dismembers the game, cooks the meat, prepares oil and wick, and builds houses and tents. To such duties the men seldom give attention, their interests being absorbed in the pursuit of game and hunting the seal. As a natural consequence, what constitutes a good wife and mother in the eye of the male members of the race is a woman who knows all the details of her work; and a good husband and father in the eye of the female portion of the community is a man who is a practised hunter.

It is the custom of the Esquimaux mother to allow her little ones to do just as they choose, and naturally they take after the manners and customs of their parents. They are seldom, if ever, checked for their behaviour, which, from our point of view, would mean that they are "spoilt." This mode of training, however, has a salutary effect upon the Esquimaux children, for when they are grown up they instinctively follow the practices of their parents.

The dress of the Esquimaux mother usually consists of a large sealskin jacket, with a hood attached to the back for the purpose of carrying her little ones; when not so used it serves as a covering for the head. The legs are encased in a pair of sealskin trousers, and a pair of long-legged boots, which come up over the knees, widening at the top, to serve as a receptacle for any small articles belonging to the wearer.

The habits which are associated with this people will doubtless have suggested that their religion is not the religion of Jesus Christ. Their religion is simply superstition. They believe in some "Great Spirit," and in the enchantments of the "medicine man." This, however, is doomed to go. As the sunshine through continuous effort on the ice of that cold, desolate land gradually dissolves the grip of the frost king's hand, so "the sun of righteousness" is slowly but surely wearing its way into that benighted land, and there is hope that "Greenland's icy mountains" shall yet ring with the grand gospel of the saving grace of God.

ABOUT OBEDIENCE.

WHAT a delightful thing is prompt obedience in children! The story of a child playing on the railroad track, unconscious of the approaching train, but moving instantly to its mother's side at her command, may be somewhat old, yet it contains a valuable lesson for thoughtful parents. Had it not been the child's custom to obey promptly and without question, its death would have been the penalty.

Recently some instances bearing on this subject have been brought to my notice, and aptly illustrate the point I wish to make clear. A prominent specialist in one of our large cities had a child of six brought to him for treatment.

"Get into the chair, dear, and let the doctor see your ears," said her mother. Without a thought of refusal the child seated herself in the operating chair, and was quiet throughout the examination and treatment.

"I wish," said the physician to the lady, who had evidently taught her child that "mother knows best, and must be obeyed when she speaks," "that all children were like yours. Just before you came in I had another little patient, suffering from an affection of the ear which will eventually cause him to lose his hearing entirely, because that child has not been taught to obey. You look surprised, but this is true. The mother or nurse brings him to me twice a week for treatment. They begin by begging him to 'please sit in the chair and let the doctor look at his ears,' appealing tenderly to his affections and all that. But the boy knows he need not do so, as he never has been compelled to obey, and, although I have explained the gravity of the case—having managed to make a partial examination—they are letting the matter drift, and soon that boy, who minds nothing but his own caprices, will be deaf. If I am allowed to manage the little patients myself, I make them do as I wish, but I cannot often have them alone."

A dentist, alluding to the same subject, observed, "We have enough to try our utmost patience;" and he mentioned the case of a little boy brought to him for treatment by his mother.

"I've brought the little fellow again, doctor, and he's willing to have it out," the lady said. "Now, Rodie dear, get in the pretty chair and let the doctor pull the hateful old tooth out. Then we will go home on the boat and have so much fun."

"No; not going to do it, grandma."

"Oh, but Rodie must," pleadingly said grandma.

"Will you take me in the train again, and give me a ride on the boat, if I let him pull it out?"

"Yes, darling; do get up."

"But I don't want to," said Rodie. "I won't have it out till I'm ready. Come on, let's go on the nice boat;" and, in spite of the grandmother's entreaties, they departed, with the offending tooth still in the child's mouth.

There are mothers who issue their commands without a fear of being disobeyed, and others who give them hoping that the child will mind, but not at all sure of it.

If you have started wrongly with your child, try, ere it is too late, to correct your mistake. This correction will necessarily be gradual, but in the end firmness will win, and the child will learn to obey when he knows that obedience is expected and will be exacted. When a little one has learned to obey its mother's commands, it has a good start on the road to happiness. V.

A TALK ABOUT TEA-CUPS.

BY SYLVESTER DOWLING.

"I HAVE almost a feminine partiality for old china," wrote the gentle Elia in one of his charming essays, and, after expressing his inability to explain why he had this preference, added, "I am not conscious of a time when china jars and saucers were introduced to my imagination." Dr. Johnson was also an admirer of ceramic art, but when visiting the Derby manufactory in 1777, he told the proprietor that, although their china was very beautiful, it was too dear, and that he could buy vessels of silver of the same size as cheap as porcelain.

Among articles of china ware, cups and saucers cannot be said to hold the most illustrious places, but they certainly furnish the most familiar examples. The importance of the cup may be demonstrated from two facts. The poterion—the drinking cup of the ancient Greek—has given its name to the manufacture of articles of earthenware, and another form of the cup, the cruskyn, cruce, or croise, and a larger kind, the crock or crokke, has given its name to the ware when exposed for sale. The manufacture is called pottery, and the merchantable article crockery-ware.

Although the productions of the potter's craft have existed from a very remote period, their introduction into general use in this country seems to have followed, rather than preceded, the introduction of the beverages in whose service cups and saucers are chiefly employed. As it was from China that they first came, they were first known as china ware, and the name has been retained, whatever the subsequent place of manufacture. At the Court of Edward IV. "cuppes of ashe" were used; at Queen Elizabeth's table in 1592 the daily and ordinary service consisted of trenchers and cups of white wood, and as late as 1663 Samuel Pepys complained that at the Lord Mayor's banquet, though the viands were good, the guests had to drink out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes (cups). During the Middle Ages leathern bottles seem to have been the drinking vessels commonly in use, and of these a certain witty Frenchman is said to have reported to his countrymen that the English were a very peculiar people, and alleged, as a proof of this, that they drank out of their boots.

In China, where tea has been a popular beverage for ages, it is reasonable to assume the first cups and saucers were manufactured. Porcelain is said to have been invented about 185 B.C., but it was not until the fifth century of our era that much progress was made in the manufacture, and then the famous potteries of King-te-chin were established.

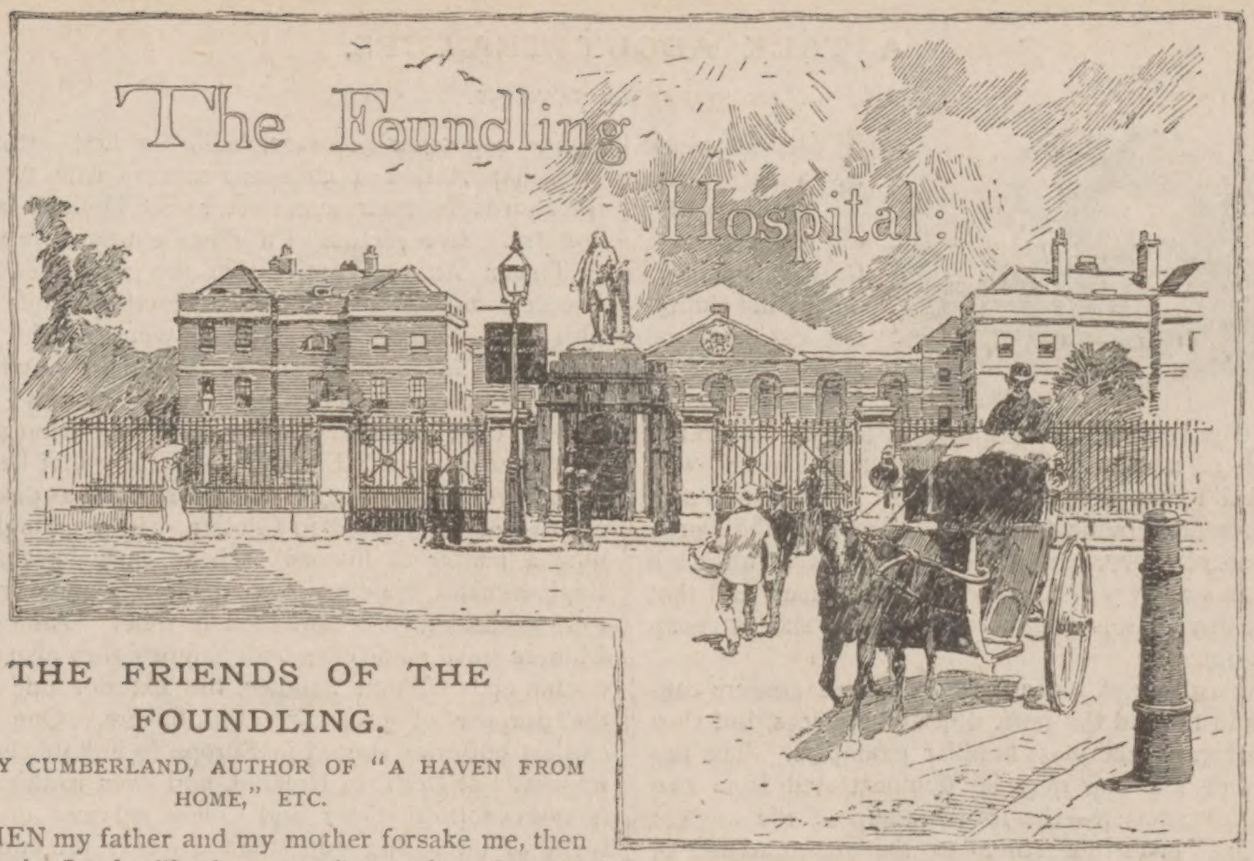
The Portuguese traders seem to have been among the first to introduce china into Europe, and it is on record that Queen Elizabeth received as presents on one or two occasions some porcelain cups. The introduction of tea into England in 1610, and its subsequent adoption as a popular beverage, led in the first instance to a large importation of cups and saucers from China, and afterwards to their manufacture in Holland and this country. In a picture of a ladies' tea party in the reign of Queen Anne, I notice that the cups used had no handles, and that the saucers were conspicuous by their absence. These handleless cups were called "dishes," and Lord Macaulay, in a satirical ballad, written to illustrate the same period, speaks of a "basin" of tea.

Both cups and saucers appear to have been made by a Dutchman named Elers, at a pottery that he started at Bradwell in 1690; and when his secret was discovered, afterwards transferred to Chelsea, with results that are now a matter of history. These early specimens of English-made tea-cups were generally plain red, but were occasionally ornamented in relief. Although the Chinese have made cups with handles, they also produce double cups without handles, the exterior one serving the purpose of protecting the fingers. One of the earliest potteries started in Europe to imitate the China ware was at Delft, in Holland, and even in this ware it is noticeable that tea and coffee services are never found of an earlier date than towards the end of the seventeenth or the beginning of the eighteenth century. Sèvres, Chelsea, and Dresden would each require an article to itself, and the famous potteries of Staffordshire would call for more than passing notice. It was due, perhaps, most to the efforts and ingenuity of Wedgwood that there has been produced in this country a ware less costly than procelain, and more sightly than ordinary earthenware.

A love for the collection of china has been shared by men as eminent in their gifts and as widely apart in their several spheres as Horace Walpole, Admiral Nelson, and Mr. Gladstone. It is by this time tolerably well known that high prices are sometimes paid for cups and saucers of exceptional beauty, and occasionally for some of exceptional ugliness.

The Capo de Monte ware, of which Lord Nelson was a special admirer, is perhaps the most beautiful porcelain ever manufactured in Europe. It is highly prized for its transparency and thinness, the gracefully-made serpent handles, and the delicate modelling of mythological groups in relief on the sides of the cups. When Lady Blessington's collection of this kind of china was sold at Gore Hall, the cups and saucers fetched eighteen guineas a pair, but at the Bernal sale similar articles were sold for £31 and £36 per pair. It would be impossible to enumerate here a tithe of the fabulous prices paid for cups and saucers. In this particular I think Sèvres ware takes the palm. George IV., who considered himself to be a great connoisseur in these matters, gave two hundred guineas for a Sèvres tea-set, and at the sale of the Stowe collection a small coffee-cup weighing not more than three ounces produced forty-six guineas. These prices were eclipsed at the Bernal sale, where a single specimen of the "Bleu de Roi" fetched the enormous sum of £160.

It remains only to add that a simple cup or saucer must pass through the hands of not less than fourteen workers before it can be deemed completely finished.



THE FRIENDS OF THE FOUNDLING.

BY MAY CUMBERLAND, AUTHOR OF "A HAVEN FROM HOME," ETC.

"WHEN my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," must have been the blessed words in the minds of Thomas Coram and his followers when they petitioned for the founding of a hospital for the maintenance of deserted children in London.

Over 150 years ago, various hospitals with the same object had been started in France, Holland, and other Christian countries, but as yet England was without one.

It was terrible to think of the number of tiny children who died from neglect or worse—deserted by their fathers, unloved by their mothers, and only thought of as a trouble and a stumbling-block.

In 1739, then, in the reign of George II., the first Foundling Hospital was opened, in a temporary house in Hatton Garden, London.

Here the children were received, one after another, until the house was full—a result, alas! only too speedily accomplished. No questions were asked of the mother, and so long as the little one did not suffer from any disease likely to harm others, its parent was free to go away, assured that her child would be fully cared for.

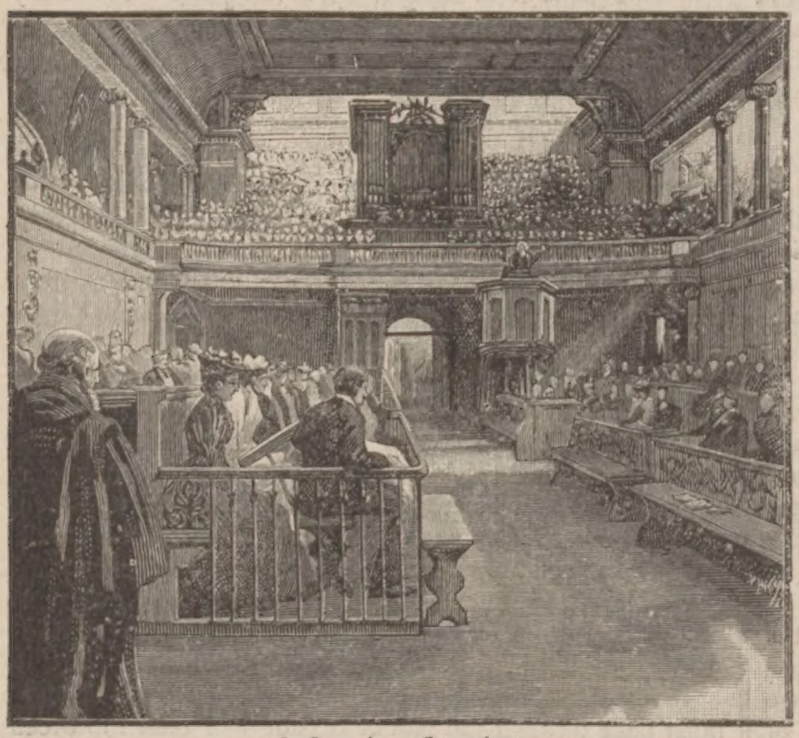
So numerous were the applicants, and so enormous did the expenditure become, that Parliament at length gave the Hospital a grant of £10,000, providing at the same time that all children under a certain age must be received without question.

A basket was hung at the Hospital gate, and all the poor deserted mother had to do was to place her little one in it, ring the bell to summon an attendant, and turn away.

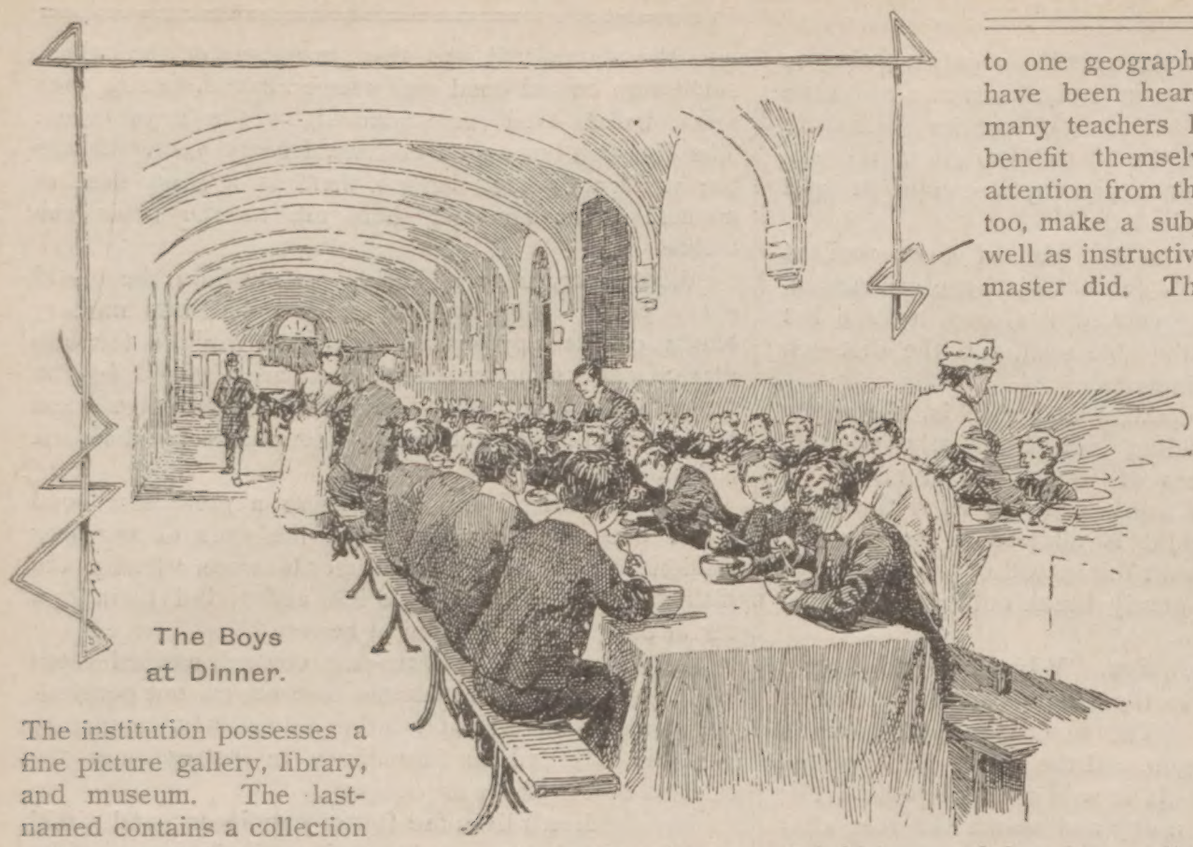
But the evil of this general admission was speedily seen. The Hospital became overcrowded, and the means of maintaining the enormous number of infants received—for over 14,000 children were admitted in less than three years—were not obtainable.

The rules of the Hospital were then altered, and have been amended from time to time, until they have reached their present state of perfection, and now children are received under the age of twelve months on the personal application of the mother only, and full inquiries are made into every case.

The permanent hospital erected in Guilford Street, Bloomsbury, is a substantial building, surrounded by a large open space full of trees and turf. In the immediate foreground one's attention is arrested by the sight of a fine life-size statue of its benevolent founder, Thomas Coram.



A Sunday Service.



The Boys at Dinner.

The institution possesses a fine picture gallery, library, and museum. The last-named contains a collection which appealed very strongly to me. It consists of two cases filled with little trinkets—"tokens" they are called—brought with the baby mites. Such a mingled display it is—coins, strings of beads, tiny lockets, baby caps, and several wedding rings. Each little article seemed to say, "Oh, I have such a history of a mother's parting I could tell, would you but listen."

These "tokens," by the way, were brought in the first instance because many women were accused of destroying their children, and the Hospital authorities wished for some means of identifying the several infants. Now all such tokens are unnecessary, and it is by no means an easy matter to place a child in this happy home.

It was playtime when I arrived at the Hospital, so I stopped for a few minutes in the grounds in front of the institution. Here the children were at play, and many were the passers-by who gazed with pleasure through the railings at the merry, romping band.

Besides the big open space in which the children enjoy their games on fine days, there are large covered grounds for wet weather, while inside the building are rooms devoted to nothing but play and merriment. Some of the boys were busy at football, and I could not help contrasting their glowing faces with the cold, shivering mortals outside, and even envied them their game when I felt my own aching fingers, muff-covered though they were, for it was freezing hard at the time.

Presently it was schooltime again. I visited first the boys' fine room, where several classes were hard at work. I listened to one geography lesson which might have been heard with advantage by many teachers I know. They would benefit themselves and gain more attention from their pupils, could they, too, make a subject so interesting, as well as instructive and exciting, as this master did. The schoolroom of the girls and younger children claimed my attention next. Everywhere I found happy, rosy, interested faces; there were no tears and no little ones in disgrace. One little turk I met on the stairs testified to the kindly treatment he received by his roguish smile and saucy "Hallo!" when he saw me. A bonny mite he was, and I felt inclined to catch him up and hug him well; but I judged it might be against the rules in schooltime to do so.

What of the infants? you may ask. Well, I was told that the babies are nearly all put out to nurse in the country, and thus their earliest years being spent in pure air, they are able in after-life to go through the world with that great prop and stay—a good constitution.

In my journey through the Hospital, I could not help noticing how exquisitely clean everything was kept, and I found it was chiefly owing to the industry of the elder girls and boys, all of whom have their daily share of work allotted to them.

One cannot help being charmed, too, with the dress of the little inmates. Nothing, surely, could be more picturesque than the tiny white aprons, mob caps, and

Girls in School.

kerchiefs of the girls, such prettiness only serving to cover the warm brown serge frock beneath ; while the suits of the boys, with their gay scarlet waistcoats and brass buttons, give the Hospital quite a military appearance—an idea enhanced by the upright and well-drilled carriage of the lads.

I wish I had space to tell you of the excellent kitchens, the dining halls (with their huge gas ranges, where the food, already cooked, is placed, to keep hot for the eager mouths), the able staff, and the diet—an admirable one—of the inmates.

One thing I must mention, and that is, the really fine infirmary—a building not frequently needed, though—where all cases of illness are treated. As it is quite separate and some distance from the main building, and as no child is allowed in its grounds, it is not difficult to prevent the spread of any infectious disease, such as must surely break out now and again among so many children.

But enough of description. What I would say is this : Go one Sunday to the Hospital and judge of its merits for yourselves. The institution possesses an excellent chapel and organ, and the public are admitted to the Sunday services. It is well worth anyone's while to pay a visit on such a day and watch the row after row of serious, happy faces bowed in thankfulness to Almighty God for His goodness, or sending their sweet childish voices up in a volume of praise to His throne.

If you are not charmed with everything that meets your eye in this big family party, then stay after the service, and you can watch the children filing two by two into the dining-hall, and then, surrounding the tables, stand with bowed head and clasped hands, to sing their grace before God, accompanied by the boys' band. The Hospital boasts an unrivalled band, young though the performers are ; indeed, there is a good deal of musical talent amongst them all, as the choir can testify.

About thirty boys and girls go out into the world every year. The former either enlist into military bands or are apprenticed to trades, while a few are placed out as junior clerks and are assisted by the Hospital until they can wholly maintain themselves ; the latter are placed out under indentures as domestic servants.

The Foundling Hospital is doing a great and good work, one surely acceptable in the eyes of our dear Saviour, whose own blessed words were, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Not only are the children fed, clothed, and educated until they are able to maintain themselves, but pensions are granted to old and infirm Foundlings, temporary relief is afforded to Foundlings in distress, and the widows and orphans are assisted.

The children's lives are full of happiness ; and could you but see the many tokens of gratitude presented by old Foundlings who have obtained high positions, you would realise what a great and noble work it is to rescue these little ones from the storms of life and give them an equal share of the sunshine with their fellow-creatures.

LEARNED LADIES OF LONG AGO.

WE are proud, and justly so, of the many learned ladies of the present day—of our Girton girls, of the feminine Bachelors of Arts, and of the many enterprising women who have greatly distinguished themselves in the world of art and letters. We must not be too egotistic, however, for we can find some remarkable instances of learning in the feminine world of the past, despite its many disadvantages.

For instance, Queen Elizabeth perfected herself in Greek and Latin to such an extent that there were few in either of the universities, or in England, to equal her. She devoted herself to the study of Greek in the morning, and Latin in the afternoon.

Another regal personage, Mary Queen of Scots, is said to have delivered a Latin harangue, at an early period, before the whole Court. She also studied the French, Spanish, and Italian languages with such success that she spoke them correctly, and with great ease and fluency. Lady Jane Grey, too, was skilled in Latin and Greek, and likewise conversant with the Hebrew language.

Another remarkable woman in this direction was Anna Maria Schurman, who was born in 1607. Learned men expressed surprise at her achievements in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, while she could speak English, French, and Italian fluently. She was also successful in music, vocal and instrumental, painting, sculpture, and engraving, and particularly fortunate in miniature painting, as well as in cutting portraits on glass with a diamond. At a very early age she gave evidence of her aptitude for learning. Her handwriting is said to have been so inimitable that "the curious preserve specimens of it in their cabinets."

Mary Cunitz, born in Silesia, was one of the geniuses of the sixteenth century. She acquired languages with great rapidity, and her repertory included French, German, Italian, Polish, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. The sciences gave way before her in like manner, while history, poetry, painting, physic, and music were among the other subjects she mastered. She also devoted herself to mathematics and astronomy ; in fact, the latter was her principal study, and she reached such a high point of perfection that she was looked upon as one of the foremost astronomers of the time. The astronomical tables which she produced gained her a very wide reputation.

Constantia Griersson is another name which deserves to be included in this category. She was born of poor parents, in the County of Kilkenny, and died in 1733, aged twenty-seven. Her accomplishments included Greek and Latin, and history, mathematics, philosophy, and divinity ; in fact, she is said to have been "one of the most learned women on record."

MY HAPPY POSSESSIONS.

BY CHARLOTTE SKINNER, AUTHOR OF "THE MASTER'S MESSAGES," ETC.

VI.—MY POCKET.

I WANT to press upon myself the fact that everything I have belongs to my Heavenly Father, and I want also to see if His Word has anything to say to me about my pocket, and if He wishes to teach me any helpful lesson from it.

"Pocket" is comparatively a modern word—bag, scrip, and girdle often having the same meaning, because used for the same purpose.

The Empty Pocket.

Mark xii. 41. Our Lord Jesus was one day sitting near the offering box of the temple, and saw a widow casting in two tiny coins. There was something else He saw—He saw right into her pocket, and observed that, as far as money was concerned, it was empty. And He knew also how it had become empty.

"If my mother only knew!" many a young woman has sighed when face to face with terrible difficulties, but adding on second thoughts, "I am glad she does not know, for she could not help me."

Our Master knows when the pocket is empty, and He can help to fill it better than a mother could. He had often an empty pocket Himself when on earth, and when the time came for the taxes to be paid had no coin ready. We shrink from speaking of an empty pocket to earthly friends, but it is a rest-giving thought that He knows all about it.

The Pocket with Holes.

Haggai i. 6. A picture rises before us of a weary workman reaching home, and as he puts his hand into his pocket to take out his week's wages a look of despair comes into his face; his fingers have found a hole in the pocket, and nothing more! He retraces his steps, searches all along the dusty road, but finds nothing, and the patient wife has to scheme, economise, and experiment on "How to live on nothing a week."

That man is like some of us. Do not shake your head and say, "No, no; I should have at once found out the thin place in the pocket, and patched it. Put money into a pocket with a hole in it! Never!"

Holes sometimes suddenly reveal themselves, and sometimes they are typical of character. Therefore, it is not wise to speak too confidently concerning them. All will allow that the man who buys a patent toasting-fork instead of a loaf of bread has got a hole in his pocket, has he not? Yes, and so has the girl who buys a brooch instead of boots, and the woman who buys a weekly number of "Illustrated Shakespeare," but cannot pay her rent. Many of us have holes in our pockets, for we put our trust in things that are sure to fail us.

The False Pocket.

Deut. xxv. 13. There are plenty of sham pockets, nothing real about them but the shape; the false pocket really exists, but its contents are of a fraudulent character.

I can remember when a child having a bunch of keys and a thimble in my pocket, and as they jingled to my walking I thought, "My school companions will think I have got a lot of money in my pocket." And the thought pleased me. That was a false pocket. I have a false pocket if I pretend to be better off than I really am; and it is equally false if I pretend to be poorer than I am.

Sapphira had a false pocket, for it is symbolical of a false character.

The Closed Pocket.

1 *John iii.* 17. The bag tied up with a string; the pocket of the mean woman, who, when asked to give to some good work, answers, "I really cannot afford it," and then pays five guineas for a winter mantle. If she prays truthfully these would be her words, for she is often a professing Christian, "I am Thine, O Lord, all—except my pocket." The woman with the closed pocket has never counted what it costs to be a Christian. The open heart must have the open pocket. "Use me," means also "use my pocket." The Crown Prince of Sweden, when in England, was noticed having a crown embroidered over his pocket. So have I, for my pocket belongs to the King.

The Full Pocket.

Luke vi. 38. "No fear of me tying up my pocket, for there is nothing in it to tie up." Then there ought to be. Pockets may be empty of money, and yet have rich contents. David probably had no cash in his scrip, but he had stones which stood him in good stead; and the Galilean fisher lad had little chance of having jingling coins about him, but he had the little loaves and fishes which fed the wondering thousands.

What my pocket ought to contain. Something instructive to read in odd minutes. There are hundreds of helpful books and papers issued, small enough to go into an ordinary pocket. *A few sweets*, not for self, but maybe for some child in trouble. *A pocket diary and pencil*, for jotting down engagements and making notes. *A pin-case*—a pin is often the means of rendering help. A woman's character may often be known by the contents of her pocket. Do you ask, "How could I carry all these in one pocket?" I answer, "Be a sensible woman, and have two or more pockets."

A Safe Pocket.

Luke xii. 33. "Ah! I wish I had a safe pocket," sighs many a woman, "for I've lost more than one purse." This insecurity of women's pockets has even raised a newspaper discussion. Defy fashion and put the pocket in a sensible place and then you will have a safe pocket. But bags which never grow old are the safest pockets. Where are they to be had? In heaven, but here below we may lay up store in them.

Here is a list of heavenly investments—a woman's treasures: *Love*—"Set your affections on things above."

Hope—"The sure hope of eternal life."

Overcoming—"He that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me."

Doing good—"A cup of cold water shall nowise lose its reward."

Heavenly Cheques.

Against loneliness—"Lo, I am with you alway."

Against poverty—"No good thing will He withhold."

Against ills—"All things work together for good."

Against the power of death—"The waters shall not overflow thee."

For heaven—"An abundant entrance."

I want to show you a scene. There's a bent old couple sitting in a cheerless room, children all gone. The old woman reaches down a tin canister, and she makes a cup of tea for the last time in the old home. A neighbour, nearly as old and wretched as themselves, comes in to share it and say sadly, "Good-bye." Then they go out, lock the door, and give the key to this neighbour—the landlord claiming the few sticks of furniture in lieu of rent—ere they start on their walk to the workhouse. When they are out of sight the neighbours gather in a group, and one says, "Ah, I knew them when they owned a nice little business, but he drank and she was thriftless, so they came down, step by step, till they've come to this! Never thought to save a penny, not they."

And the old couple draw near to the great gates of the workhouse. Perhaps they have never shown much love to each other, but a common woe draws them close together now, and they grasp each other's hands tightly. Then begin the long, weary days, the coarse food, the lonely dark hours, the pauper's grave. Saved nothing—nothing put by for a rainy day—a prayerless mother who had trained up cruel children—a woman who had sown the wind and reaped the whirlwind!

That is a picture of a soul that has saved nothing. It draws near to the great gates of death, poor and penniless. High on the hill gleams the golden, sunny land. "Have you an inheritance yonder?" asks the attendant, "have you your pass?"

"Oh, no," says the soul, "how can I get one?"

"They are only to be had on earth. Did you never while below save anything up yonder?"

"No," sighs the soul, as it drifts into the darkness. Saved nothing!

My pocket may be empty of cash, but I pray it may ever be free from holes, true as the light, open to God, full of things that cheer and help; and safe, because that which it typifies is laid up for me above.

Saving! Why, we ought to be saving something every day, laying up our precious treasures day by day in the bag that never gets old.

HER ATTRACTIONS.

SHE has no dazzling charms, no classic grace,
Nothing, you think, to win men's hearts about her;
Yet, looking at her sweet and gentle face,
I wonder what our lives would be without her!

She has no wish in the great world to shine;
For work outside a woman's sphere, no yearning;
But on the altar of home's sacred shrine
She keeps the fire of pure affection burning.

We tell our griefs into her patient ear;
She whispers "Hope!" when ways are dark and dreary;
The little children like to have her near,
And run into her open arms when weary.

Her step falls lightly by the sufferer's bed;
Where poverty and care abound, she lingers;
And many a weary heart and aching head
Finds gifts of healing in her tender fingers.

She holds a helping hand to those who fall,
And gently guides them back to paths of duty;
Her kindly eyes, with kindly looks for all,
See in uncomeliest souls some hidden beauty.

Her charity would every need embrace;
The shy and timid fear not to address her;
With loving tact she rightly fills her place,
While all who know her pray that Heaven may bless her.

E. MATHESON.

Helps for Busy Housewives.

HYACINTHS.—For cultivating hyacinths in glasses the single varieties are preferable; they bloom earlier and finer. The glass should be filled till the bulb nearly touches the water. If kept in a dark place for two or three weeks it will aid the development of the roots. A piece of charcoal placed in the glass will purify the water, and render changing unnecessary. Some people drop in a few small cinders, to which the roots may cling.

Cats.—To destroy fleas on a cat, procure some pennyroyal and rub a little of it into the fur by the cat's ears. If paraffin is used in the same way it is very effective and the odour disappears in two days.

Acid Stains.—If you should drop acid on your clothes, the immediate application of ammonia to the spot will erase the stain.

Sleeping Warm.—It is impossible to have too much pure air, but it is possible to have the air colder than feeble persons can breathe with comfort or with safety. For hardy persons there is no danger in cold air, provided they have plenty of bed-covering, and keep their mouths closed. It is unwholesome for anyone to sleep cold. One of the hardest things for feeble persons to endure is getting into a cold bed to sleep. It draws so much upon the already low vitality that before the cold bed is warmed, its occupant is so thoroughly chilled that it is almost impossible to get warm again. In this way the system is unnecessarily taxed, and the general health reduced. When one must sleep in a cold room, it would be well to wear flannel night clothes (warmed before putting them on, and perhaps with woollen stockings for night use in exchange for the stockings worn all day) or to have the bed warmed before entering it. This can be done with a warming-pan, or by rolling a bottle of hot water between the sheets.

Useless Odds and Ends.—Dispose of everything about the house that is not actually needed or likely to be used. The hoarding of rags, worn-out shoes, broken china, and worn-out furniture is a bad habit.

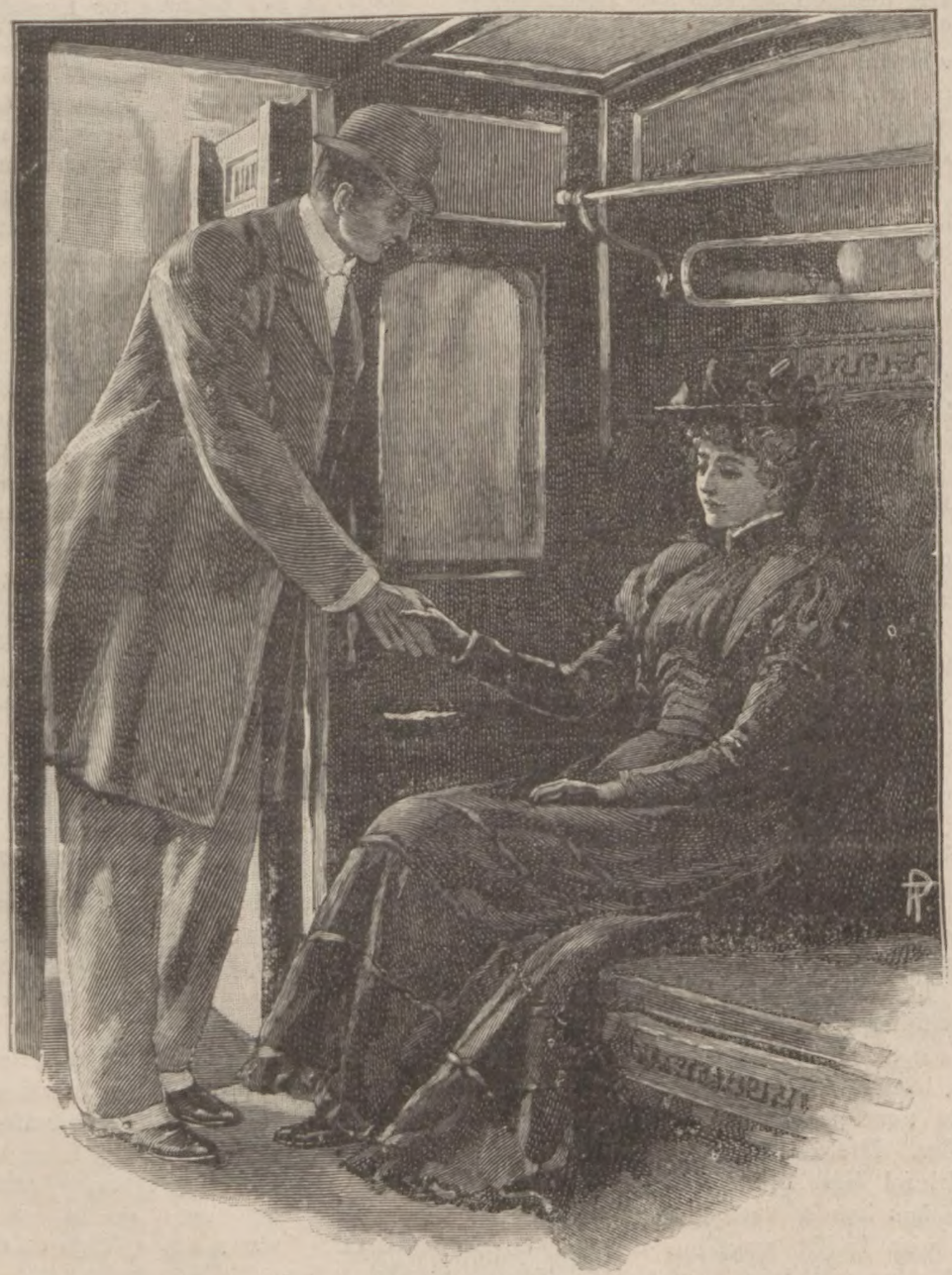
Ormolu Ornaments.—Ormolu is best rubbed with a dry leather, and nothing else. Sal volatile is sometimes used in cleaning it, but it is not very satisfactory, because the ornaments tarnish again very soon. Some people use moistened whitening, brush it off with a soft brush, and then polish with a leather. This, however, needs great care. Bronze ornaments should be wiped with a cloth or dusted with a soft brush. They should never be touched with wet cloths.

Bright Tin-ware.—When tins become blackened by the fire, they should be scoured with paraffin and sand or coal dust, and afterwards be well washed with soap and water.

AN AUTUMN JOURNEY.

BY M. S. HAYCRAFT, AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE BLOSSOM," ETC.

THEY had been to Lynborne house-hunting, and they had lighted upon "the very place"—the sweetest little nest imaginable, as they both decided while admiring the pretty rooms, the garden "actually with roses and a cherry tree," as Hilda exclaimed delightedly, and the new patent kitchen-stove, whereat the future Mrs. Everett meant to do marvels in the way of dainty banquets at the cost of a mere nothing. The only drawback had been the rent, for they were prudent young people, and had fixed upon a certain portion of their income as available for rent, and "Restlands"—was there ever a sweeter name for a bridal home?—came slightly beyond the figure they had arranged. But, on interviewing the landlord, either Hilda's wistful look had melted him, or he had taken into consideration the fact that the little villa had been empty two quarters. "Call it pounds instead of guineas," he had said magnanimously, and the bargain had been struck, with joy in two hearts and satisfaction in the third.



"When he left her, he took her hand in his." *p.* 174.

Then Hilda and George had hastened back to "Restlands," to plan out the various rooms, and measure for carpets, etc.—and it was during this time that somehow the weather had changed, for on the way to Lynborne the autumn day had been bright and fair, while now on the return journey things looked uncommonly dull and foggy.

The remark that had so altered the aspect of things had been uttered by George Everett as they reached two rooms on the half-landing of the pretty little house.

"The very thing for mother!" he had said. "This can be her bedroom, and this shall be her own little sanctum, looking out to the flowers. Mother's a wonderful hand at gardening—poor old Dad was so proud of the garden. It will be jolly for her to sit under that tree on the lawn in the summer."

More than once, previously to this, George Everett had hinted that it would be a good arrangement for his widowed mother to reside with them; but Hilda had never taken the words seriously, and she was astonished and indignant to find the idea still possessed him. Mrs. Rusher, her aunt and guardian, had warned her that she must steadfastly set her face against the notion of a resident mother-in-law, and Hilda's mind was quite made up on the subject.

Now, both these young people were going about things the wrong way—George so continually lauding his mother's cookery, needlework, and general understanding on all subjects under the sun, that Hilda felt it would be misery to have such a managing superintendent and Universal Encyclopædia under their roof; and Hilda, in speaking so sharply and irritably concerning her antipathy to "mothers-in-law," that the young man's naturally quick temper took offence, and the return journey to Hillford was embittered by certain unamiable speeches on both sides, and an impetuous declaration from Miss Curtis that "the engagement had better be considered at an end."

George Everett did not mean this at all, and said that if she "felt so strongly on the subject of his mother making a home with them——"

"It is enough for me," said Hilda, haughtily, "that you have suggested such a thing. Had you really loved

me, my happiness and comfort would have been your one thought. Aunt says men are selfish, and now I have proved it indeed. I shall send back your presents, and I decline your escort any further."

"I will not press my company upon you; I can seek another carriage at the next station," he answered.

When he left her, he took her hand in his, and thought in his heart she would ask him to stay. But Hilda was silent, and they travelled separately—he to look out at the shadowy landscape with a face all too gloomy for a prospective bridegroom; she to meditate with a hard, clouded look on all she had heard and read as to the domineering ways of mothers-in-law, and then to shed a few private tears as she thought of a grave that had been green since she was eleven years old, and to long that in her home the sweet face, which she had "loved long since and lost awhile," could have smiled.

"Of course, I shall take no notice of him at Hillford Station," she decided, "unless—unless he should speak first. Aunt asked him up for the evening; I wonder if he took me at my word, or if he will walk home with me?"

At Hillford young Everett made no attempt to approach her, but she saw his landlady's little boy hurrying up to him on the platform with a telegram that had come to his lodgings in his absence.

His face grew pale as he read it, and Hilda went to him, saying gently, "George, is it bad news?"

"She will not need a home with us," was all he said; "she is ill—they fear the worst."

"Your mother, George? Oh, when can you go? George, let me come and help you!"

Hilda had never seen the widowed mother in the far-away town; but she felt she had been speaking cruelly of the mother George loved so dearly, and she longed to do something to atone.

There was no train for an hour, and George hurried to see the bank-manager; he had a good position in a private bank at Hillford, and would shortly be promoted to the Lynborne branch. When he returned to the station, he found Mrs. Rusher there with Hilda. The aunt put Hilda in his charge, saying, "The child has made up her mind to go to Loxton and nurse your mother."

It was a sad journey for Everett, but by no means without its solace. Words of tender forgiveness were spoken on both sides, and he thought no more of the letter he had mentally begun to compose, saying that "circumstances over which he had no control prevented his going further in the matter of taking Restlands."

George's old nurse took Hilda into her arms and her affections; she was thankful for active help in nursing, and as for "George's mother"—well, Hilda forgot to think of her by that name from the first time "Mother" kissed her. George had to go back to the bank, when the bronchial attack took a favourable turn; but Hilda stayed on in that peaceful Christian home, and learnt so much of unselfish gentleness from that loving mother-heart, that it became a real trouble to her to find "Mother" had no *intention* of coming to those two pretty rooms—she "believed in young people being left to themselves." But, as time went on, "Mother" and the good old nurse *did* become inmates of Restlands, and proved therein a comfort untold. It was neither Hilda nor George, however, that persuaded "Mother" to change her mind, but a certain young gentleman, very fat and frisky, who came to that villa as permanent lodger.

MOTHERS IN COUNCIL.

CONDUCTED BY MRS. E. M. WATERWORTH, AUTHOR OF "MOTHERS AT HOME," ETC.

November 1st, 1895.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—The month of fogs has come; but what does it matter, after all? Fog or mist, wind or rain, the sun is still shining somewhere, and if he hides his face from us to-day, he may show it again to-morrow. It's wonderful what a lot of nonsense people talk about the weather. Mrs. A. takes the train to spend the day with her friend Mrs. B. "Dear, dear," says Mrs. A., as she shakes hands, "what a dreadful day it is here, and it was bright sunshine when I left home. You should come and live at Somerton." Now, if Mrs. B. is a silly woman, she immediately begins to wonder whether there is more sunshine at other places than that in which her lot is cast; but if she is wise, she will remember that "one swallow does not make a summer," neither does one wet day make a deluge. Weather is pretty much of a muchness all over England—those who don't get the rain to-day, get it at some other time; and as to fog—well, we may have ours two days before or after you get yours, that's all. There's a law of averages and compensations in everything. N.B.—People who don't waste their breath in discussing the weather, may think that E. M. W. is a little bit out of her mind this month. But she isn't; and the above remarks will apply to life indoors as well as out.

* * * *

Moths again! If "JANET" refers to the May number she will find somewhat on that tiresome little insect; but I have just referred to a friend who informs me that old tobacco pipes, the older the better, the more used the better, will keep moths away from anything. I should say they would! Try them, "JANET."

* * * *

"LILIAN" wants my opinion on fish as a diet for an invalid. There is no doubt whatever that it is a very good food for everyone; but don't be led into the very common error that soles are better than any other. Possibly the sole was raised to the aristocracy in the finny world because it has—no, *costs* more money than most of its relations. It may be the nicest, but it certainly is not the most digestible. The plebeian plaice and the homely whiting are far better for a real invalid, and I am not at all sure that cod, properly cooked, ought not to rank before the patrician sole. Remember, "LILIAN," that boiled fish is more digestible than fried, and baked fish is best of all.

Here is the recipe. Supposing you have a sole, put it in a pie-dish, with a sprinkling of salt and a wee bit of butter (this is not absolutely necessary, and for bilious people had better be left out). Then pour in some nice fresh milk, so that it barely covers the fish. Put a tin or an old dish over the pie-dish to keep the steam in, and bake in a moderate oven. Soles take about half an hour, but cod will take as much as an hour and a half. Dish up on an old dinner napkin, garnished with parsley or a few sprigs off the hedges. There is a foreign proverb to the effect that the eye eats before the mouth, and there never was a truer one. It takes such a little time to put a few green leaves or sprigs of wild flowers round a dish, a frill of white paper round the leg of mutton, etc. And what a difference it makes to a fastidious appetite!

* * * *

My dear friend at Roath, I am very glad to hear that the clouds are clearing a little. Hope on, work on, trust on. The words you suggest, "Keep believing," make a splendid motto; but, as you see, we have left off giving mottoes for the present. The space at my command is sometimes barely large enough for what I must say, so that I can only hope you will all read my sermons and fix on a text out of them for yourselves. It's a topsy-turvy way of doing things, but if any of you are like me in disposition, you would rather pick out a motto for yourself than have one given you. I was not thinking of you, "FANNY B.," when I wrote the first paragraph of this month's letter; but now I come to think of it, I fancy it may be of some comfort to you.

* * * *

"BERTHA" has come down in the world, and instead of keeping a little maid as she used, she has to do all the work herself. She doesn't mind that a bit (wise woman!), but she does mind seeing her hands all cracked and rough. Can I give her any hints that may be useful?

First, "BERTHA," I congratulate you. It is not every one who is deemed worthy to bear such a cross. He who laid it on you, trusts you, and knows that for love of Him you will bear it bravely. At the same time, it is your bounden duty to do all you can to prevent its hurting you more than need be. You must not call out, but you must do your best to ease the pain.

Now for a few hints as to the care of your hands; and it is only right that you should take care of them, provided you do your work properly.

Always wear gloves while sweeping, dusting, etc.; if they are a size too large for you, you will soon get used to them. When you are doing your steps, powder down some hearthstone, mix it with water, and apply with a thick paint brush, having, of course, washed the steps first with a brush and plain water. Put a few drops of ammonia into the water every time you wash your hands. Rub glycerine or vaseline into them at night and sleep in gloves, and you will have no more reason to complain.

Yes, "POLLY," bacon is much nicer baked than boiled Scrape it well, but do not soak it. Wrap it up in a flour and water crust, and allow a little more than half an hour for each pound.

* * * *

"ALICE" is in distress about her pillows. She finds the ticking is getting so soiled. The remedy is simple. Always use two pillow slips. The increase in washing is but slight, as the under one only needs changing occasionally. It can be made of coarser material than the outer, and should have different fastenings—tapes instead of buttons or buttons instead of tapes. Be careful too that when putting on the outer slip you put the opening of the under one into it first. It's only a trifle you may think, but trifles make up most of the pleasures and pain of this world, and it is nicer not to see the ticking peeping out, as you must if the two openings are together. "Dear me! you ought to have been an old maid," I can hear some one say. Perhaps you are right. If so, my husband and children benefit thereby, as I hope yours will if you follow my advice. I've had to *buy* my experience; you get it for next to nothing.

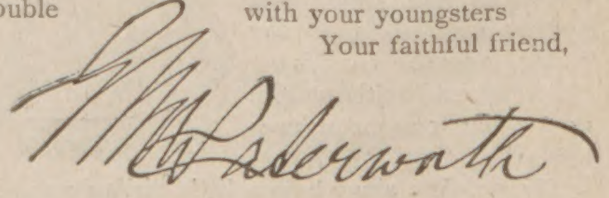
* * * *

"MRS. B.," postmark Lincoln, wants to know if I can recommend her a nice girl as mother's help. If she had enclosed a stamped directed envelope, probably I might have been able to do so. I would advise her to advertise in the *Christian World*, or to send me her address, when I will do what I can, though I don't pretend to equal the country hucksters' shops, where you can get anything, from a brass nail to a silk dress.

* * * *

Poor "LITTLE MOTHER," I sympathise with you in your trouble about your little man of four who persists in shrieking when you take him to church. A friend of my own suffered in exactly the same way, only her child was seven instead of four. I think that the cause in both your case and hers is that you did not take the child to church soon enough. Whilst children are mere babies of eighteen months or more they should—to my mind—be taught to know the outside and inside of a church, and be taken just inside the door, as a treat, to listen for a moment to the singing, or to look at the coloured windows. The person in charge should kneel down for a minute or two, letting the child sit by her side, just to get the wee mite accustomed to the silence and to the size of the building. With the sea, so with the church, very often; it is the noise and size, or the silence and size which terrify the little atom of humanity. Finally, remember our own natures; let church-going, and school-going too, be put forward as a reward for the good child, not as a punishment, and you will have no more trouble with your youngsters

Your faithful friend,



Good Manners.—Never try to outshine, but to please. Never press a favour where it seems undesired. Never intrude ill-health, pains, losses, or misfortune. Never intentionally wound the feelings of a human being. Do not ask another to do what you would not do under similar circumstances. Never omit to perform a kind act when it can be done with any reasonable amount of exertion. Do not make witticisms at the expense of others which you would not wish to have made upon yourself. Remember that good manners are kind thoughts translated into behaviour.

HINTS ON HOME DRESSMAKING.

BY A PRACTICAL DRESSMAKER.

THOSE of our readers who have old dresses which need renovating will find a convenient fashion in the two or three, or even more fabrics which are now used in the same costume. It is quite the correct thing to have the sleeves of a different material from the rest of the dress, or the sleeves and skirt may be of one and the same fabric, and the rest of the body of another. A cape and skirt of one material and blouse of another is often seen. As dress sleeves seem to get old-fashioned quicker than other parts, it will be quite easy to renew them with velveteen or some fancy fabric in keeping with the other part of the dress.

Fig. 39.

The prevalence of lace trimmings has made many novelties in the shape of revers, collars, and yokes possible. Lace bands are also used to ornament dress skirts; black lace with coloured silk or ribbon laid underneath is very effective. Those striping the front of the skirt are set on in different lengths, some reaching nearly to the waist; others start from the waist and are finished off below with butterfly bows. With this exception, dress skirts are very little trimmed, but are still worn wide, and set in godet pleats at the back. To keep them in place there are many ingenious contrivances. An interlining of crinolette or stiff muslin makes the skirt very heavy, and so some dressmakers are using stuffed rolls to set these pleats out.

Children's coats and overcoats are made without a seam down the centre of the back. It certainly means one seam less to stitch and finish, but the backs require to be fitted with great nicety to set well.

A smart blouse for evening wear can be made with a charming material called silk cotton; it was used for blouses during the summer season, and is about fourteen pence a yard. It is merely cotton with a shot-silk face, and wears and washes well, so that the young people can have light colours without the fear of the dress being useless when dirty.

Fig. 40.

Fig. 39. We show here a little girl's dress made of a fine cloth with a smooth surface. There is a fitting lining made to fasten behind, and the stuff is fulled on in the centre of the front and back, and is plain at the side. Over the body a collar is set on at the neck, which reaches in points down to the waist in front, and is rounded off at the back. It is trimmed with two rows of waved braid, as is also the neckband and sleeve cuff. Puffed sleeves with braid at the wrist, and gored skirt plain in front and fulled in to the waist at the back.

Fig. 40. Every mother knows the value of an overall pinafore, especially in the winter-time, when the children are indoors so much and cannot wear washing dresses. The pattern shown here might be adopted either for a boy or girl. There is a pointed yoke in front, and the stuff is laid in three box-pleats in front and also at the back, and is set on plain beyond this. Under the pleats a shoulder frill is arranged, which goes over the shoulder and round the neck. This can be dispensed with for a boy. The sleeve must be made very full, and the armhole large, so as to slip over the dress sleeve easily. The pinafore can be drawn in at the waist or left to hang loose as preferred.

Fig. 41.

For girls there are pretty prints and sateens, but we find these scarcely strong enough for boys. Galatea or Holland will be found to tear less easily than the first-mentioned materials.

Fig. 41. We have here an ornament for the neck, made in Indian muslin or that lovely soft material called silk muslin. The knot will require a piece of muslin about half a yard wide, and one end is pointed and edged with lace, and arranged in waterfall form, while the other is formed into a bow and secured with a knot of the muslin.

Flat patterns can be supplied. Fig. 39, 6½d.; Fig. 40, 4½d. Address "M.C. Pattern," 9, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

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